

# Good Morning 527

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS  
AT "THE SIGN OF THE  
JOLLY ROGER"

## IMPROVE COURSES OR WITHDRAW LICENCES

THE possibility of long overdue improvements at race meetings in the near future was being discussed by the cronies at the Jolly Roger, and, while most were agreed that many innovations could, with benefit, be introduced, none was sure that the authorities would act until pressure was brought to bear.

"My idea is," said the guv'nor, "that the whole system of controlling race meetings should be drastically overhauled. Let us give due credit to the Jockey Club as, for want of a better term, a collection of honourable men, who are out to control racing in the best interests of the sport. In the main they are not financially interested in racing, and while this is commendable in many ways, it is, in my opinion, one of the reasons why the public which supports racing has been so badly neglected.

"So long as the races comply with the conditions laid down by the Jockey Club, that is all the governing body is concerned about, and little or no heed is paid to the necessity of giving the people who attend the meeting value for money in any shape or form. Nearly all the courses are owned by the various racecourse companies, and most of these are more than half a century behind the times."

"Yes, I'll say that my experience is that all of them adopt the take it or leave it attitude," said Bernard, "and they don't care a rap for the people who pay at the turnstiles. Still, the remedy is in the hands of the public. So long as the people who go racing pay up so readily to put up with all imaginable inconveniences, you cannot expect the racecourse companies to provide better facilities. If the people stay away then they might get something done."

"If that is the only remedy," said Nat, "then it will be quite a fair number of years before we shall see any improvements. The sport-hungry lads who come back from overseas will be sure to flock to the races while they have the money to spend; there will be many thousands of war workers with money to burn, and no doubt there will also be a few war profiteers and black-market merchants ready and willing to pay through the nose with money they have so easily acquired."

"As it is pretty certain that not all the courses will be fit for racing, we may be sure that the courses which can open will be packed chock full for a long time to come. That means that more amenities for the racegoers will be side-tracked and forgotten until the crowds begin to fall off."

"I am afraid that is just what we shall see," said the guv'nor, "which is why I think the Jockey Club will have to get a move on and draw up a list of improvements. A time limit could be fixed for the various companies to put the work in

hand, and, if they failed, pressure would have to be brought to bear. It can be done by the simple process of threatening to withdraw all licences."

"Well, we shall have to wait and see," said Bernard. "I could name a long list of improvements, but so could all of you, and I'll just content myself with giving what I regard as a number one priority, to use an overworked term. I place the need of a camera to check the judge in tight finishes as first on the list. Some of the so-called dead-heats wouldn't be dead-heats at all if the camera could be called upon for proof, and many of the short-head finishes would be more satisfactory if the judge

could produce some sort of corroboration."

"That is certainly needed," said the guv'nor. "I suppose it is right to say that in the vast majority of instances the judge is perfectly correct. After all, he is placed so that he can see what most racegoers cannot see. The angle of vision is all-important in this respect. But this is what so many people do not take into account when they feel sure that the judge has given the wrong result. Now, if the camera is installed, it is placed perfectly



### Mostly about uniforms Sto. William Graham

WHEN we saw a sailor's hat and a pair of bell-bottom trousers on a chair, we thought you must be on leave, Stoker William Graham, but your mother told us they were the property of Cadet Samuel Graham.

That young brother of yours is even walking like a sailor now, your mother says. He's very keen, and works most evenings at home studying for his tests.

Did you know your father was stationed just outside the town? He gets home quite often.

Interrupting the family news round-up, your mother puts in a request for more letters. That, by the way, is repeated by your girl friend, Miss Betty Glenn, at Fortuna Street.

Adeline is still stitching uniforms. She had a day off from work the day we called on account of having to go to court as a witness of an incident she saw down the town a few days ago.

There hasn't been much news

from the other Stoker Graham; John is expected home soon.

Seems the neighbours have been remarking about the radio silence at 55 Rockview Street; they say it's about time you were home again to disturb the road. Also, the garden is quite tidy now, and from the absence of cycle parts it is obvious that you are far away.

We asked if there had been any news of you, and your father laughed. Seems he had just opened a letter in which you explained about your recent operation. And another laugh came when we mentioned that we had the address of your girl friend.

We had the address of Miss Glenn. Your mother directed us to a different house because she thought we were going to see a lady called Madge!

That's all from home this time, William, so your mother signs off with all her love, and says once again, "More letters, please."

## HOME SERVICE NEWS for Sto. Redvers Buley

ALL is well at 4 Radford Avenue, Prince Rock, Plymouth, with Mrs. Ethel Buley and her son Arthur, aged 13, the mother and brother of Stoker Redvers John Buley, aged 21.

What with her three sisters and four brothers, mother is never at a loss for a guest dropping in to see her at the cosy little house where you spent all your pre-war days, Stoker Buley.

And on Sundays, whom do you think the visitor usually is? Yes, none other than your fiancée, Audrey, still at work on munitions. Do your ears burn on Sundays, Stoker Buley? Your mother says they ought to, for most of the chatting refers to you!

Items of news to interest you, relayed by your mother: War-

dens' Post 2 E.I., where you spent some of the early days of the war, is closing down. Mother showed your "Good Morning" representative the useful gent's toilet case presented to you by the wardens when you joined the Royal Navy four years ago. Your pal, Don Merrifield, from 2 E.I., after being turned down as R.A.F. pilot, joined the Army a week ago.

Uncle Charlie, your mother's 24-year-old brother, has passed his exam. for Leading Torpedoman on his Mediterranean station.

Life at No. 4 is really uneventful and comfortable for your mother and Arthur, and they certainly looked in good health and good spirits, but, of course, the picture won't be complete until you make up the third.



"Oh, we shall just grumble and put up with it," said Bernard, "just as we have to put up with all the pettifoggery and irritating restrictions during this war."

"It might have been worse," said Nat. "After all, we have been allowed to hold a few race meetings, which have been quite enjoyable to the favoured few who have been lucky enough to live within walking distance of the course. For the others, it has not been worth the trouble of trying to overcome the difficulties of travelling. I am sorry for the fellows who depend on the jumping game for their living. I think they could easily have stretched a point by allowing the National Hunt people to have just a few jumping meetings."

"Yes, I believe the steeplechase jockeys and trainers had a very lean time of it at first," said the guv'nor. "Most of the horses were sold for cat's meat. If you recall it, the horses would only fetch cat's meat prices in the first year or so after the declaration of war."

"The jockeys are all in various branches of the Services, and the trainers,

"Even at the best of times they are lucky if they can earn a tenth of the money that is picked up by flat-race jockeys, and you rarely get a winter season in which all the meetings are held. Many of them have to be abandoned owing to bad weather."

"None of them, except the amateurs, become steeplechase riders for choice," said the guv'nor. "It is only the fact that they grow too big for flat-racing. I suppose racing is the only game where the small man gets the fat dividend. The smaller the jockey, the bigger his income."

"I ought to have realised that earlier in life," said Nat. "Then I might have become a jockey. When I took to boxing it never occurred to me that a boxer's remuneration goes according to size. I soon learned my lesson, but by then it was too late to be of any use to me."

### BERRELL'S INN

BERLIN, the town in Oregon, U.S.A., has voted against a suggestion to change its name to Distomo.

The townspeople reached this decision at a mass meeting, not because they don't think it is a suitable name, but because they were not consulted in the plan for changing it. They filed a petition with the Country Court, which agreed to accept the mass-meeting vote.

The "New York Herald-Tribune" set about some research, and found that Oregon's Berlin was said to be a corruption of Berrell's Inn. "It is so with a great many American names," says the "Herald-Tribune." "Things have got inevitably mixed up. A Distomo would not be out of place in a country which has long had a Utica, a Syracuse, and more than one Athens; but Berlin, Ore., might well endure along with Berlin, Conn., (pronounced Berlin) with Cairo, Ill., (Kayro), or Calais, Vt., (Cales)."



"Forty prisoners yesterday! Fifty to-day! Blimey! If we go on like this, Dusty, we'll be doin' ourselves out of a job!"

who were too old to join, have ploughed up their training gallops and turned farmers for the duration of hostilities, and probably for two or three years afterwards."

"It will take much longer for the steeplechase jockeys and trainers to get back to normal than it will for the flat-racing people," said Bernard. "You can bet that very few have had any time to train horses for jumping, and, unless there is a good supply of steeplechasers in Ireland, it will probably be about three or four years before we can see a season of full jumping meetings."

"The boys who get their living by riding over the sticks are certainly the Cinderellas of the racing game," said Nat.

Raspberries  
are our  
favourite  
fruit.

So write and tell us  
what you really think  
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



# The Skipper of the "OSPREY"

IT was a quarter to six in the morning as the mate of the sailing-barge *Osprey* came on deck and looked round for the master, who had been sleeping ashore and was somewhat overdue. Ten minutes passed before he appeared on the wharf, and the mate saw with surprise that he was leaning on the arm of a pretty girl of twenty, as he hobbled painfully down to the barge.

"Here you are then," said the mate, his face clearing. "I began to think you weren't coming."

"I'm not," said the skipper; "I've got the gout crool bad. My darter here's going to take my place, an' I'm going to take it easy in bed for a bit."

"I'll go an' make it for you," said the mate.

"I mean my bed at home," said the skipper sharply. "I want good nursing an' attention."

The mate looked puzzled. "But you don't really mean to say this young lady is coming aboard instead of you?" he said.

"That's just what I do mean," said the skipper. "She knows as much about it as I do. She lived aboard with me until she was quite a big girl. You'll take your orders from her. What are you whistling about? Can't I do as I like about my own ship?"

"O' course you can," said the mate drily; "an' I s'pose I can whistle if I like—I never heard no orders against it."

"Gimme a kiss, Meg, an' git aboard," said the skipper, leaning on his stick and turning his cheek to his daughter, who obediently gave him a perfunctory kiss on the left eyebrow, and sprang lightly aboard the barge.

"Cast off," said she, in a still somewhat dazed by the recent business-like manner, as she seized a boat-hook and pushed off from the jetty. "Ta ta, Dad, and go straight home, mind; the cab's waiting."

"Ay, ay, my dear," said the proud father, his eye moistening with paternal pride as his daughter, throwing off her jacket, ran and assisted the mate with the sail. "Lord, what a fine boy she would have made!"

He watched the barge until she was well under way, and then, waving his hand to his daughter, crawled slowly back to the cab; and, being to a certain extent a believer in homoeopathy, treated his complaint with a glass of rum. "I'm sorry your father's so bad, miss," said the mate, who was

proceedings, as the girl came up and took the wheel from him. "He was complaining a goodish bit all the way up."

"A wilful man must have his way," said Miss Cringle, with a shake of her head. "It's no good me saying anything, because directly my back's turned he has his own way again."

The mate shook his head despondently.

"You'd better get your bedding up and make your arrangements forward," said the new skipper presently. There was a look of indulgent admiration in the mate's eye, and she thought it necessary to check it. "All right," said the other, "plenty of time for that; the

river's a little bit thick just now."

"What do you mean?" inquired the girl hastily.

"Some o' these things are not so careful as they might be," said the mate, noting the ominous sparkle of her eye, "an' they might scrape the paint off."

"Look here, my lad," said the new skipper grimly, "if you think you can steer better than me, you'd better keep it to yourself, that's all. Now suppose you see about your bedding, as I said."

The mate went, albeit he was rather surprised at himself for doing so, and hid his annoyance and confusion beneath the mattress which he brought up on his head. His job completed, he came aft again, and, sitting on the hatches, lit his pipe.

"This is just the weather for a pleasant cruise," he said amiably, after a few whiffs. "You've chosen a nice time for it."

"I don't mind the weather," said the girl, who fancied that there was a little latent sarcasm somewhere. "I think you'd better wash the decks now."

"Washed 'em last night," said the mate, without moving.

"Ah, after dark, perhaps," said the girl. "Well, I think I'll have them done again."

The mate sat pondering rebelliously for a few minutes, then he removed his jacket, put on in honour of the new skipper, and, fetching the bucket and mop, silently obeyed orders.

"You seem to be very fond of yelling the other reproachfully, sitting down," remarked the girl, after he had finished; "can't you find something else to do?"

"I don't know," replied the holding on to the stays with one

## LOVE ON A LUGGER in this "TWO-DAY TALE" by W. W. JACOBS

mate slowly; "I thought you hand, jerked his thumb expressively towards Miss Cringle, and was waited.

The girl bit her lip, and was looking carefully round her, when they were both disturbed by the unseemly behaviour of the master of a passing craft.

"Jack!" he yelled in a tone of strong amazement, "Jack!"

### USELESS EUSTACE



"You're tellin' me she's a nice cuddlesome bit of stuff, Nobby, but the trouble is she's married to some dope in the camouflage corps!"

"Halloa!" cried the mate.

"Why didn't you tell us?" yelled the other reproachfully. "Tell you what?" roared the mate.

The master of the other craft, crew of the *Osprey*, having made all

"When was it?" he screamed anxiously, as he realised that his craft was rapidly carrying him out of earshot.

The mate smiled feebly, and glanced uneasily at the girl, who, with a fine colour and an air of vast unconcern, was looking straight in front of her; and it was a relief to both of them when they found themselves hesitating and dodging in front of a schooner which was coming up.

"Do you want all the river?" demanded the exasperated master of the latter vessel, running to the side as they passed. "Why don't you drop anchor if you want to spoon?"

"Perhaps you'd better let me take the wheel a bit," said the mate, not without a little malice in his voice.

"No; you can go an' keep a look-out in the bows," said the girl serenely. "It'll prevent misunderstandings, too. Better take the potatoes with you and peel them for dinner."

The mate complied, and the voyage proceeded in silence, the steering being rendered a little nicer than usual by various nautical sparks bringing their boats a bit closer than was necessary in order to obtain a good view of the fair steersman.

After dinner, the tide having turned and a stiff head-wind blowing, they brought up off Sheppey. It began to rain hard, and the crew of the *Osprey*, having made all

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today



- What does a crown and a star on a policeman's shoulder mean?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Chalk, Limestone, Clay, Sandstone, Granite, Shale.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 526

- A rebus is a reproof, puzzle, recessed panel, hat, carpenter's tool?
- Who is the first king mentioned in the Authorised Version of the Bible? (A catch in this!)
- How would you tell a house-sparrow from a hedge-sparrow?
- Of what wood is an axe handle made?
- Wedge.
- Malachi.
- Shrimps have 2 long feelers and 2 "feathers"; prawns have 6 feelers and no "feathers."
- 480.
- Station Inspector.
- Manchester is not in Yorkshire; others are.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



BING CROSBY is almost a legend in the movie world of America. At one time he washed cucumbers in a pickle factory for a few dollars a week.

Then he rattled the drums in an orchestra and crooned. An enterprising agent heard him. He never looked back.

He is probably the only male crooner men like. General MacArthur radioed the White House to say his warriors wanted to hear Bing Crosby during the worst days on Bataan. They heard him.

Now he's going to France.

In his first Press conference Bing said he wants to go to Ascot and Aintree and to play on famous golf links like Sunningdale, Prestwick and St. Andrews.

"I shall go to see Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey and the Thames. I would love to sing in Paris—perhaps I shall. I've got to be back in America on November 1. I'm not making any films over here.

Crosby has brought two jackets, two shirts, six ties, three pairs of trousers, four pipes—but no golf clubs. His trilby hat has a band of blue-green feathers round it instead of ribbon.



FIRST impressions of Bing Crosby are that he is very pleasant, without any ballyhoo and without much hair either. He has never made any secret of the fact that he is getting bald, nor that his annual salary is round about £225,000 a year.

(Bing Crosby has been a film star since 1930. He has a new Paramount contract—for another ten years, at the same salary.

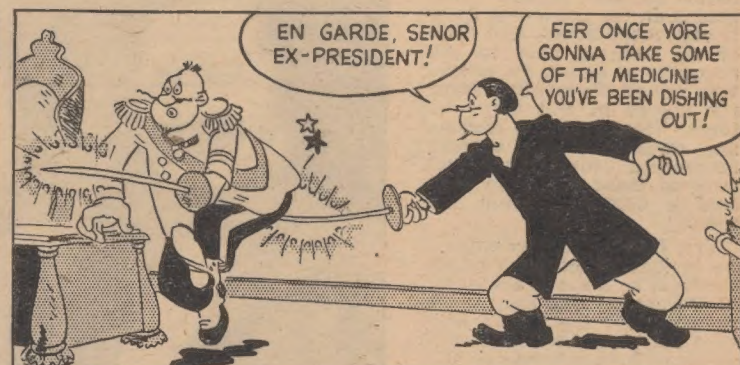
"There are six people in my little company. I have an accordion player and a guitar player as accompanists.

"There is Gene Darrell, a singer, Darlene Garner, a dancer, and Joe De Rita, comedienne. I have brought some new songs with me, but my favourite is 'Long Ago and Far Away.'"

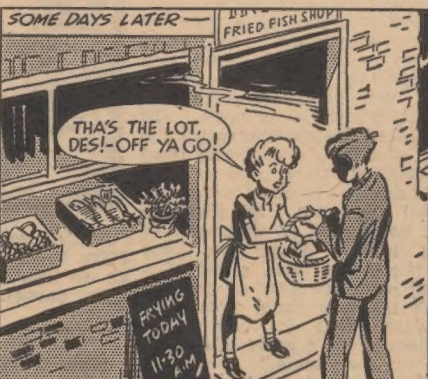
Bing thinks London is "much as I imagined it, only nicer, in spite of the bomb damage. I'm surprised there is so little traffic. Everybody seems in a hurry and very busy."

He looks lazy, but he works harder than most men, and he's a friendly guy.

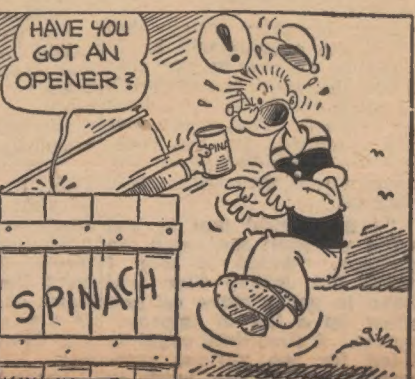
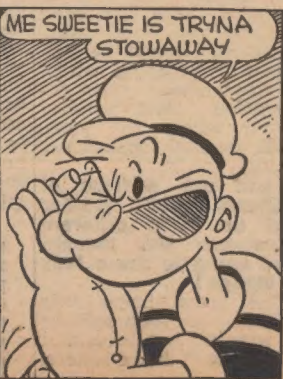
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in \*O\*\*E\*\*A\*\*\*O\* and \*I\*\*I\*\*\*A\* and get two Midland cities.  
2. Here are two tradesmen whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
ELRROG — RECDANCH.  
3. In these four animals the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 7257036T, 462368, 428593, 70936.  
4. W-hit-in-g, Sk-at-e.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 465

- 1. SHEFFIELD, HALIFAX.
- 2. STOCKHOLM—ATHENS.
- 3. Marigold, Dandelion, Goldilocks, Daisy.
- 4. W-hit-in-g, Sk-at-e.

# JANE

# SKIPPER OF THE OSPREY

(Continued from page two)  
snug above, retired to the cabin to resume their quarrel.  
"Don't mind me," said Miss Cringle scathingly, as the mate lit his pipe.  
"Well, I didn't think you minded," replied the mate; "the old man?"  
"Who?" interrupted Miss Cringle, in a tone of polite inquiry.  
"Captain Cringle," said the mate, correcting himself, "smokes a great deal, and I've heard him say that you liked the smell of it."  
"There's pipes and pipes," said Miss Cringle oracularly.  
The mate flung his on the floor and crunched it beneath his heel, then he thrust his hands in his pockets, and, leaning back, scowled darkly up at the rain as it crackled on the skylight.  
"If you are going to show off your nasty temper," said the girl severely, "you'd better go forward. It's not quite the thing after all for you to be down

here—not that I study appearances much."  
"I shouldn't think you did," retorted the mate, whose temper was rapidly getting the better of him. "I can't think what your father was thinking of to let a pret—to let a girl like you come away like this."  
"If you were going to say pretty girl," said Miss Cringle, with calm self-abnegation, "don't mind me, say it. The captain knows what he's about. He told me you were a milk-sop; he said you were a good young man and a teetotaler."  
The mate, allowing the truth of the captain's statement as to his abstinence, hotly denied the charge of goodness. "I can understand your father's hurry to get rid of you for a spell," he concluded, being goaded beyond all consideration of politeness. "His gout 'ud never get well while you were with him. More than that, I shouldn't wonder if you were the cause of it."  
With this parting shot he

departed, before the girl could think of a suitable reply, and went and sulked in the dingy little fo'c'sle.  
In the evening, the weather having moderated somewhat, and the tide being on the ebb, they got under way again, the girl coming on deck fully attired in an oilskin coat and sou'-wester to resume the command. The rain fell steadily as they ploughed along their way, guided by the bright eye of the "Mouse" as it shone across the darkening waters. The mate, soaked to the skin, was at the wheel.  
"Why don't you go below and put your oilskins on?" inquired the girl, when this fact dawned upon her.  
"Don't want 'em," said the mate.  
"I suppose you know best," said the girl, and said no more until nine o'clock, when she paused at the companion to give her last orders for the night.

"I'm going to turn in," said she; "call me at two o'clock. Good-night."  
"Good-night," said the other, and the girl vanished.  
Left to himself, the mate, who began to feel chilly, felt in his pockets for a pipe, and was in all the stress of getting a light, when he heard a thin, almost mild voice behind him, and, looking round, saw the face of the girl at the companion.  
"I say, are these your oilskins I've been wearing?" she demanded awkwardly.  
"You're quite welcome," said the mate.  
"Why didn't you tell me?" said the girl indignantly. "I

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

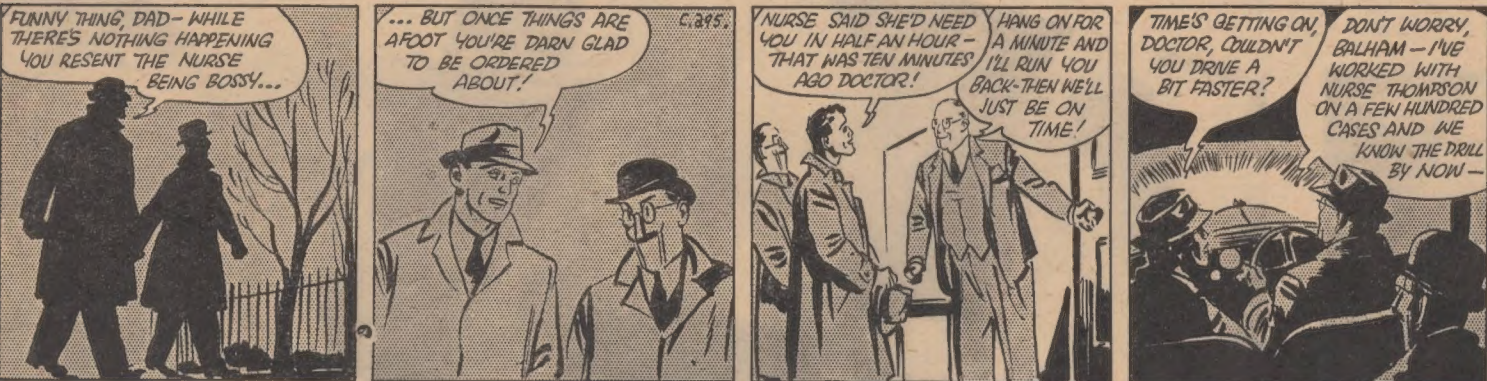
# CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Plank. 5 Apprehend. 10 Stratagem. 11 Craze. 12 Say. 14 Construct. 15 Silbers. 17 Speak noisily. 18 The girl. 20 Stout and sturdy. 22 Pronoun. 23 Piece of music. 24 Triumphant cry. 25 Part of flower. 26 Catch. 27 Flowering plant. 29 Make up anew. 31 Attract. 33 Means of communication. 34 Loss. 35 Flat boat. 36 Horse. 37 Rhythm.

CLUES DOWN. 1 Grazing. 2 Vent. 3 In motion. 4 Part of oboe. 5 With. 6 Fit for tillage. 7 Wine. 8 Ship's company. 9 The boy. 13 Refute. 16 Sweeten. 18 Eyelet. 21 Governor. 23 She. 24 Shop-keeper. 25 Wrinkle. 26 Younger son. 28 Prepare for Press. 30 Fish. 32 Stuffing lump. 34 Copy for printer.



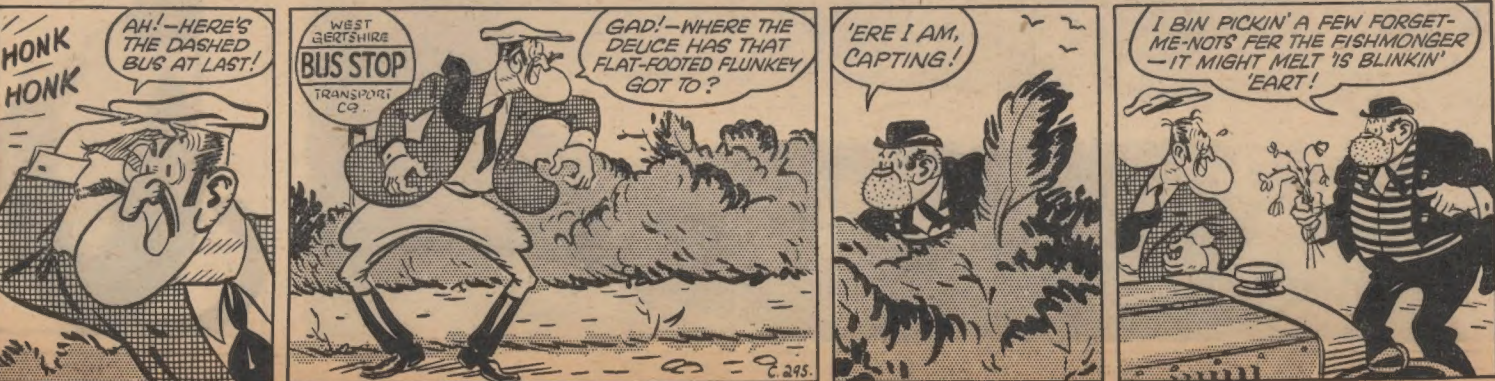
# RUGGLES



# GARTH



# JUST JAKE



# BANK CHIEF GETS £1 PER WEEK

A NEW Governor has just been appointed to the Bank of England. That is the most important financial post in the world. But all Lord Catto gets for the job is—£50 a year. Less than a man gets for sweeping out the fo'c'sle!

The same small return for their services is made to others of our leading men, from Cabinet Ministers to Ambassadors, from Service chiefs to Archbishops.

Explanation is income tax and surtax. But, you'll say, income tax is only 10s. in the £, and surtax a few shillings extra, and these important functionaries of ours are surely paid thousands a year.

That is true. But it so happens, thanks to the arrangement of our society, that most of the really big jobs are held by already wealthy men. Thus the Bank Governor referred to is a big business man with a large private income.

Add to that income the £2,000 a year salary he gets from the Bank, and the total is taxed so ruthlessly that only £50 a year (approximately and for the sake of argument) is left from his Bank remuneration at the end.

Nobody weeps when the rich man has to cut down his smoking of 10s. cigars from a dozen to half-a-dozen a day. But that is not the case here. Taxation to-day does make it impossible—bar very clever and dangerous dodging—for anyone to make money from public service.

Consider the service of the Prime Minister. How much has he been worth to Britain, the Commonwealth and the world in the last few years? Just work it out in terms of your own salary. You get—four quid a week for looking after a gun. But how much more does Mr. Churchill have to look after?

His salary (officially paid to him as First Lord of the Treasury) is £10,000 a year. Perhaps it sounds quite a lot. It is, in fact, twice as much as other members of the Cabinet receive.

When Mr. Churchill has finished paying income tax at the rate of 10s. in the £ on the first £2,000 and surtax an additional 7s. in the £, he cannot have much more than £1,500 a year left. And a Prime Minister would normally consume that in public and charitable subscriptions alone!

# ALEX CRACK

Beauty Competition Judge: "Mrs. Haughty, all the girls entered for the competition have agreed to pose, except your daughter Flossie. Now, how may we expect Flossie to pose?"  
Mrs. Haughty: "Flossie withdraws, sir."



# Good Morning

Just a line from 20th Century-Fox to wish all Submariners "Good Hunting." And this is Trudy Marshall, Mary Anderson, June Haver, Jeanne Crain, Gale Robbins, and old Uncle Tom Cobleigh wishing it !



"Nine . . . Ten . . . Out ! Brer (Basher) Rabbit is the winner by a knock-out." The loser collected a couple of beautiful black eyes we see.



The Share-Out after the Stick-Up. Our intrepid cameraman crept up to the desperadoes' hide-out and took this sensational shot of the mobsters dividing the swag. "Baby-Face" is on the right.

IT'S OURS, ALL OURS !

The silver strip of water is part of Lake Ullswater, and the richly-wooded country in the foreground is the lower slopes of Gowborrow Fell, another National Trust "possession" that belongs to all of us.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

